

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 17.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1894.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Robt. K. Burns.
Clk. Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Clk. Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard.
G. M. Kee.
Amos Barlow.
Geo. Baxter
Geo. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor,
Coroner

Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split
Rock—Chas. Cook, Edray—W. H. Grose
Huntersville—Jno R. Taylor, Dunmore
—G. R. Curry, Academy—Thos. Bruffy,
Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first
Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June
and 3rd Tuesday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st
Tuesday in January, March, October
and second Tuesday in July July is
levy term.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Marlinton, West Va.

Will practice in the Courts of Poca-
hontas and adjoining Counties, and in
the Court of Appeals of the State of
West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Poca-
hontas and adjoining counties and in
the Supreme court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Poca-
hontas county and in the Supreme court
of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Green-
brier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for
collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Marlinton, W. Va.
Prompt and careful attention given
to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
Attorney-at-law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will be found at Times Office.

D. R. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
Monterey, Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County, at least,
twice a year
The exact date of his visits will ap-
pear in this paper.

D. R. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every
Spring and Fall. The exact
date of each visit will appear in
THE TIMES.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel.
Residence opposite Hotel.
All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.
has located at
FROST, W. VA.
Calls promptly answered.

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General Auctioneer
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I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands.
Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21
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solicited. Reference furnished.
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exander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,
Room, 19, Reilly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

SECTIONS NOT UNION.

The attention of our younger
citizens should be directed to a re-
markable feature in our national
legislation, with the hope that they
may modify it when they assume
governmental affairs. The matter
alluded to is sectional law-making
which passes under the name of
honest legislation. The eastern
states control the money power,
hence, all financial laws are espe-
cially in their interest, and silver is
virtually knocked out. Had the
western states ruled the money
power, free coinage of silver would
be in active operation. In either
party to financial legislation thus
disposed of, where is there any-
body to be found inquiring for
what would be best for the interest
of the whole country.

Many remember when all the po-
litical contests were between the
North and the South. For a peri-
od the South was able to control.
Then came the time when the
South lost its political power, and
thereupon all legislation went ad-
versely. So far as national history
this has always been the way. No
party or political leader, of com-
manding influence stands for the
whole country.

It is not best for any one section
to have all the benefits, and were
legislation transferred from a sec-
tional basis, to a basis of justice to
all, there would be more prosperity
and less discontent and restlessness
among the people.

There is nobody to manage
and continue, a moving issue.
Once the South realized the whole
power of the Federal government
as being used against her. Now
the West is complaining about the
East getting all the benefits. The
West is about to get the power,
then the East will suffer. All for
sections, nothing for union.

THERE exists no longer any
doubt that the South is, about to
afford an illustration of what may
be meant by the famous aphorism,
"the first shall be last, and the last
first." When journals identified
with the interests and prosperity
of the North, express sentiments
like the following, the significance
is startling, and is worthy of pro-
found attention:

"In the opening of Oklahoma,
the last of the government lands of
special importance have been ab-
sorbed. Seekers of cheap homes
must hereafter look for them in the
South. The climate, the absence
of destructive droughts, and the
variety of products afford phenom-
enal advantages. Beyond all ques-
tion, the time has come for a great-
er activity in southern railroads,
and in southern enterprises of all
kinds, than has yet been seen."

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD, author
of Robert Elsmere, David Grieve,
and Marcella, enjoins two things,
as important for all Christians to
see to, if they would keep up with
the "living present." First, see
what Christ says of God, man, and
nature; both from what was put in
his mouth by others, and from the
remarks of his followers about his
own character and mission. Sec-
ond, learn what discipleship might
mean, and give themselves to it
without calculation, without resist-
ance, and with a sort of divine ab-
andonment, not even counting
life dear.

Time is the only thing that will
help trouble and creaking shoes.

The Late Unpleasantness.

As has often been remarked, it
must seem strange to an outsider,
that we people living at the coun-
ty seat of a rich and prosperous
county, in a town up to date in ev-
ery other way, should lack tele-
graphic communication with the
railroad. Yet this is the case, but
it can not long continue—but the
line is to be built another day, and
now we want to go over the long,
dreary waits that we have after
some stirring event has taken place
in the country.

On the evening of the election,
after sundown, those of our citi-
zens who had been plowing around
in the snow and slush all day, ex-
plaining the mysteries of the Aus-
tralian ballot, to a group of shiver-
ing peers, assembled around the
red ballots posted, on which a man
might look and not commit a felo-
ny; these workers being men most
alive to the result of the election
naturally turned their thoughts in
that direction, and though these
local politicians were not Edgar
Allan Poe's, they might have asked
a few questions about the elec-
tion, had some mysterious visitor
come in on their meditations.

Now these prominent Democrats
one and all were feeling very com-
fortable and warm that night after
the exposure on the day of the
election, and if they could not be
comfortable in any other way, they
would take something and compel
themselves to be comfortable. The
result was that twelve Democrats
had an electric par-
ty before it
in its usual impetuous fashion.
The news that we would receive in
a couple of days would but confirm
this intuition, and, except that it
would give the figures, was looked
upon to be superfluous.

The day after the election was
devoted to waiting around the big
fire at the court-house, waiting to
see how the county had voted. A
commissioner from some precinct
would come in lugging a big, keg-
shaped ballot box, of japanned tin.
He was cold, and all he wanted to
do was to hear how some other
precinct had voted on Beard and
Hogsett, and did not seem to real-
ize that a crowd of "representative
citizens" had been waiting for him
for many a mortal hour, to know
whether they were to locate at
Huntersville, or whether Hogsett
had beat Beard, sure enough. Fi-
nally, all the districts were in ex-
cept Green Bank, and the excite-
ment of the Beard-Hogsett contest
was over, for with it all Beard was
leading 461, and it could not be
overcome by the vote of the re-
maining districts.

It was then that the friends of
Mr. Beard, (and he has a host of
them about Marlinton), were free
to send in their congratulations,
some of the envelopes bearing the
crest—a rooster rampant—which
was to be the fowl's only appear-
ance in politics of this year.

On Thursday, there were rumors
afloat indicating that a good many
Republican's had voted. These
thickened during the day, but
nothing on earth had been report-
ed that we would believe before
about 10 o'clock that night. Then
the messenger arrived who had
been sent to meet the mail at
Academy.

The packet of letters, written by
various friends in the railroad
towns, presented an ordinary ap-

pearance from the outside, and
there was nothing on earth to in-
dicate that they carried the most
unexpected tidings.

A "representative citizen" open-
ed one of his hurriedly, and the
first words visible on the type-
written page were "All gone to
h—!" followed by the news that
we have gotten used to by now.
Then the "representative citizen"
fused terms of endearment that
represented the feelings of every
Democrat present.

The choice spirits assembled, be-
ing of both parties, a suggestion
was made that a part celebrate by
taking a drink, and that the others
console themselves in the same
way. Had it not been a "dry"
town, this unheard of measure
would probably have been taken.

After the first outburst of feel-
ing, the casual observer could not
have distinguished any difference
in the crowd, unless it was a tired
look, about the eyes of some
staunch Democrat. This feeling
is apt to bring on heavy fits of
sleep, and very soon the Demo-
crats threw up the sponge and
went to bed.

The next day hardly a Democrat
could be found but who had ex-
pected the landslide since last
spring, but who had been afraid to
say a word about it.

The Indian Printer.

An Englishman, who was for
some years editor of *The Morning
Post*, of Allahabad, gives some cu-
rious particulars of the uncertain-
ties of the native Indian printer.
He says:

"You want about three hundred
compositors, one-half Hindu and
the other half Mohammedan.
When the Hindus haven't a sacred
holiday, the Mohammedans have,
so you must prepare for all emer-
gencies. They don't understand a
word of the English language, and
they set up the copy by a kind of
intuition. The first proof is dis-
heartening and incomprehensible,
the second gayly idiotic, and then
through the third and fourth stag-
es, after corrections, it assumes a
coherent form. You can't argue
with the foreman printer, who is
an imposing creature in flowing
robe and turban. He doesn't un-
derstand, and thinks you are say-
ing something complimentary. All
you can do is to swear at him in a
loud tone of voice before the other
men if he does not carry out your
instructions. This humbles him,
and he goes steadily for a few days
when his salaams begin again to
evaporate. But look at the wages.
At two dollars a month the com-
positors consider themselves wealthy
enough to keep a wife and
family and several other families
involved by their marriage. The
coolies who work the presses get
no more than one dollar a month,
and at that figure you must admit
that they are cheaper than gas,
electricity, or any other motive
power, for that matter."

"My husband is absurdly afraid
of fires." Has he ever suffered from
them? "Yes, he had one to
make once in the kitchen stove."

How many sticks go to the
building of a crow's nest? None;
they are all carried.

The reason.—Sally—"What a
silly smile young Freddy Lusher
has on his lips this evening."

Chaperone—"Yes. He has been
putting too many smiles between
them."

The Covington Boom and Im-
provement Company will sell all
its property including the Inter-
mont hotel and wind up its affairs.
The sale takes place this month.

DO YOU WANT A SITUATION?

Prof. Wilbur R. Smith, Lex-
ington, Kentucky.



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LEXINGTON, KY.

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President of the
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Smith, Principal of the College
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at World's Columbian Exposition,
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Prof. W. R. Smith, Lexington Ky.

How a Poem Saved a Ship.

The recent death of Dr. Oliver
Wendell Holmes recalls an inter-
esting incident connected with his
literary work. In the year 1829 a
great many men and women in
this country were disturbed by
news that came from Washington.
The Secretary of the Navy, it was
said, after hearing that some of the
timbers in the frigate *Constitution*
were unsound, had ordered this
old ship to be broken up and de-
stroyed. How to prevent this de-
struction now became a question of
the day. Some people suggested
one thing, some another, and the
newspapers were filled with pro-
tests against the destruction of the
most famous ship in the navy. In
the midst of it all a poem appear-
ed in a Boston newspaper. Though
it was a short poem, of only three
eight-line stanzas, few poems have
ever accomplished so much. It
was copied into every newspaper
in the land, it was printed on
handbills and circulated in the
streets of Washington. Every-
body read the poem, and every-
body felt so indignant at the Sec-
retary of the Navy for having even
thought of destroying the *Consti-
tution*, that, rather than incur fur-
ther ill will, he issued orders that
the famous frigate should be thor-
oughly overhauled, repaired, and
put into service again.

The author of "Old Ironsides,"
the little poem that had accom-
plished so much, was Oliver Wen-
dell Holmes, then a young man of
twenty, a graduate of Harvard in
the class of 1829. He wrote the
poem, as he afterwards said, very
hurriedly while sitting at a win-
dow of the old gambrel-roofed
house which was his birthplace
and early home. Although in af-
ter-years Dr. Holmes wrote many
poems that in some ways are
greater than this, it is safe to say
that not one of them was ever as
widely read or as widely quoted.

This is the last stanza of that
poem:

"O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the waves;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave,
—Nail to her mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!"

Among the breakers.—"I sup-
pose you spent your summer down
where the wild waves break, Mr.
Putonaire?"

"Well, not exactly. I was down
on the beach, as usual. But it
isn't the waves that do the break-
ing there, Miss Babbie."

"No?"
"On, no! The hotels do that.
They broke me."